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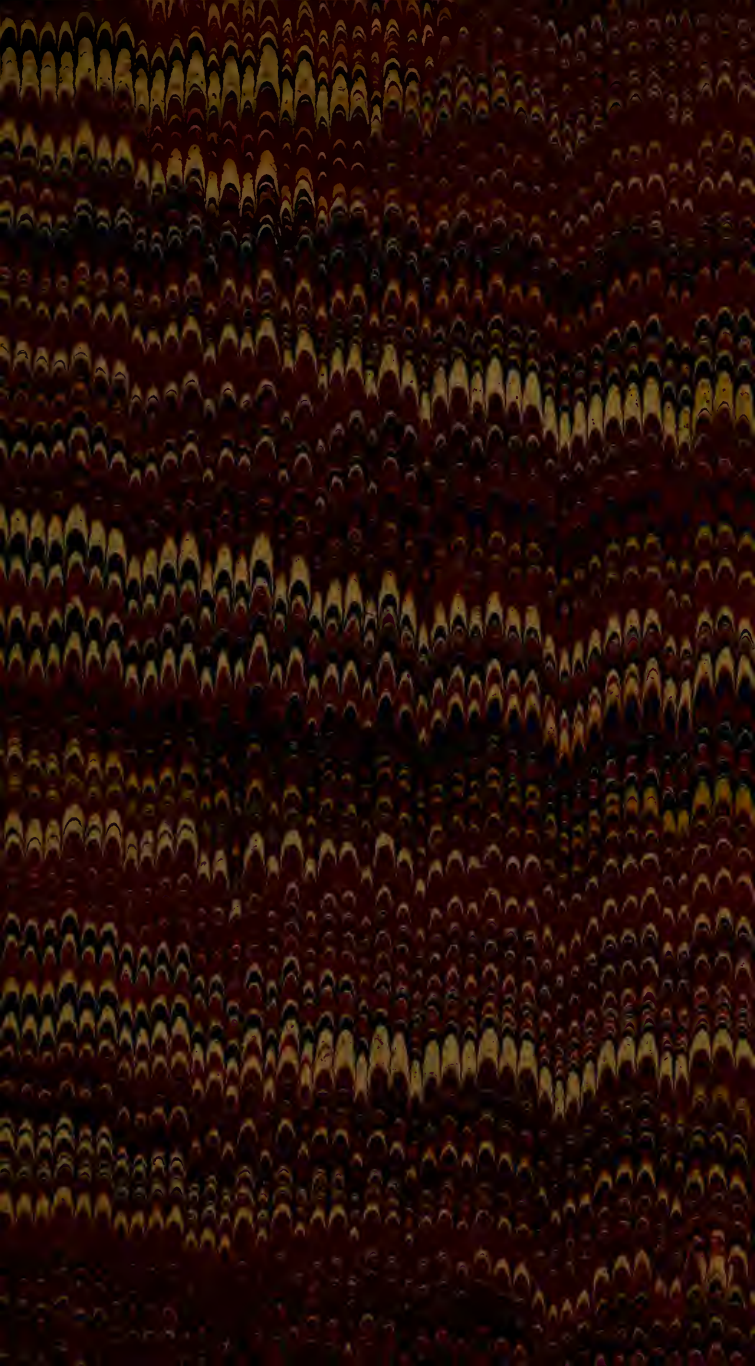
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HEAVENLY MUSING;
May 25th 1840
A POEM,

ON THE

POWER AND GOVERNMENT OF GOD,

IN THE

CREATION OF THE WORLD.

revised
BY T. PAGE.

IN TWO PARTS.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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HEAVENLY MUSING.

PART FIRST.

THE SUBJECT.

Proposition and invocation.—The order and harmony of heaven.—The employment of angels.—The existence of the Father, and the Son.—The rebellion and the fall of angels.—Whence the Father addresses the Son, upon the creation of the earth, and another race of beings. . The Son appears attended with a godlike train, coming to create the world.—The spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters.—The creation of the first, second, and third days.—At this time the earth commences its annual course among the spheres.

There is an over ruling Power Divine,
Whose skilful and material work's outshine
The work's of men and art. He has a cause,
Which he maintains with strict unerring laws,
Eternally both dealing out his grace
To all the worthy souls of Adam's race ;
And disapproving as he hath through all the **past**
High handed daring Vice sent off at last
From her delight. Thus sing celestial Muse
Whom inspiration oft doth deign to move :
For thou art pleased with silent pensive mood,
And grave and gaudy themes well understood
When clad in their own form and meek attire,
Well worth a songster's note, or poet's lyre.
Such as the joy of heaven, its blissful way,
Its pure authority, its sceptr'd sway
To those who make up all the heavenly throng
Joined in one strict harmonious song,
And awful frown Omnipotence ordained,
To those whose secret wilful thoughts complained
Long since, within the open walks of heaven,
A loud, though silent, monitory lesson.

O Spirit sent from heaven, to aid the thought
 Of those who seek for truth and not for naught,
 Whose reason works both day and night
 To clear the moral and the mental sight ;
 Giver of life and light my song attend,
 Impart thy power. thy mild effusion lend,
 Creative of the muse and fancy's play
 That oft would roam, but now the theme essay.

Ere this projected globe commenced its race,
 Or splendent orbs to wheel the boundless space,
 Or the diurnal sun to set and rise,
 Or nature springs to life beneath the skies,
 Superior beings known by heavenly birth,
 Had held their course, and long maintained their worth.
 Ere age on age had rolled, their praise begun,
 A mighty working hand revered, they sung.
 Such solemn awe, and stately order reign
 Among the myriads of the heavenly train.
 Their countless voices join the deepening song
 Amid the attendant band, and matchless throng,
 And brazen instruments fitted to rehearse,
 Majestic themes, rejoin the varying verse.
 In lowly pensive thought, we feel the sound,
 On Autumn's eve, when moons illumine the ground,
 Or where on tranquil day, the sunny beam
 Looks down on earth all clothed in green.
 When music's rolling numbers' chant the ear,
 In raptured tones upborne 'bove this our sphere,
 On venturous flight, I find no wonted way,
 But rise in ecstasy to boundless day.
 While they attending thus the usual strain,
 Resounding clear the broad celestial plain
 In general song, the Chief of all oft deigns
 To dwell in light obscure, from vocal strains,
 And harps retired alone in shrouded guise.
 Beneath him his domain unbounded lies,
 Unceasing joy pervades, and smiles awaken
 To peaceful concord, all approving Heaven.
 And those who bear away the high command,
 And those who ever stay with music charmed,
 Unchanged in place, nor in their glory changed,
 In reverent order, and gradation ranged,

From angel to the seraph stationed high,
 A train of rank and order passing by,
 To archangel, who shew perfection brigh
 As our best stars illumine the watchful night,
 All wait on Him, whose royal sceptre sways
 Unbounded empire through the trackless maze,
 Mid Heaven, and thence beyond the solar ray,
 Where sun's to other worlds prolong the day.

In highest favor raised at his right hand,
 The inspiring theme of all the minstrel band,
 His son, his sole right heir, anointed prince,
 Reflects his image, as the moon the sunny glimpse,
 Ordained to tread beyond the bounds of bliss,
 Full of his fathers strength, nor less submissive
 To do his will revealed, and undertake
 The mighty scheme, eternal councils make,
 To measure out their plan and compass round
 Untrodden wastes, and fathom down, to sound
 Profundity. Or else on works of grace,
 Revisiting, He walks the ethereal space.

And now that upper world, and seat of bliss,
 An uncreated one, surpasses this
 Created, where bright suns do shine, and spheres
 Mark out the days, and months and transient years.

Favored of Heaven, angels, archangels strong
 And great in power, and much renowned in song,
 Were raised to mighty seats of eminence,
 That ever were before, and ever since
 Creation, long, long as eternity
 Eternal and incomprehensible,
 Next to the throne of Him divine and just
 Before whose eye all things are seen as dust.
 Exalted to a high exalted state—
 To fall, and sink as low, but proved their fate.
 They were weary of heaven, and discontent
 To be no more than mere inhabitants,
 With each his state assigned, or destined lot,
 And be no more esteemed, or highly thought.
 And now what hope, and ardor filled their breast,
 With thought and corresponding word impressed,

Might prompt a long essay. Suffice to say,
 Spite of themselves they dared to disobey,
 Order and to transgress eternal law,
 Against the light and knowledge which they saw ;
 Gainst Him whose sole prerogative and right,
 It is to rule and banish from his sight
 The disobedient. For all deserve
 The punishment, who will not love nor serve.
 Ambition ruled and led them to aspire
 Beyond their bound and cherish vain desire ;
 High handed daring sins against clear light,
 And bold transgression 'gainst eternal right :
 Worked final punishment and endless shame.
 Their place was changed and they no more the same,
 Were sent to punishment which they deserved,
 To everlasting punishment reserved
 To darkness and to everlasting chains,
 For wilful words and aggravating sins,
 For open acts of disobedience done
 Against the all eternal righteous one ;
 Dire spirit ! ghosts of darkness, fiends of wo ;
 Inhabitants of deepest worlds below.
 How once they shone conspicuous in heaven
 And walked the golden streets. Alas ! how fallen,
 And who of them could dare to speak the cause ?
 Apostate rebels of eternal laws.
 With high and daring aim, did they provoke
 The Almighty till his awful vengeance woke
 And sealed their doom within the towering wall
 Of adamant, where hope ne'er beams at all.

But those remain who still survived the fall,
 And held obedience to their destined call,
 To wing their flight on errands through the skies,
 Or stay and breathe heaven's inspiration as it flies.
 They deign to know what beings yet shall come,
 In concord joined to praise the eternal one,
 Born to re-people heaven and fill complete
 The number fallen, and fill their vacant seat.
 In highest grandeur those who ever bear
 Immortal fame, and breathe celestial air :
 About the throne, were mute in deep suspense
 Until a heavenly mandate woke the sense,

When to his son unveiled in gorgeous state,
And face to face the Great Supreme thus spake:—

O Son, fair child of Heaven and only born
And whom united graces both adorn,
Humility, and perfect sense of mind,
Whose glory shines unfading unconfined;
Nor least among the holy triune bond,
Of wisdom taught who always doth respond,
To my request, and with myself in worth,
Existing equal, ere the angel's birth;
Since they aspired to godhead and rebelled,
Avenging Justice drove them, heaven expelled,
To endless wo. Remorse unfelt before
Preys on their conscience Joy to them no more.
Nor this fair Paradise where peace e'er reigns
With perfect joy o'er all the heavenly plains,
Though suns and systems sink in hoary years,
And run discordant, and the universe of spheres
In wild commotion reel about the skies;
And Order and eternal Chaos strive
For mastery. To fill their vacant place,
Occasion asks of us another race,
Such as shall hold secure their high estate,
Of full perfection worthy to partake
The joys of heaven. More fit to rule and reign,
And share a portion of the vast domain;
As King and Priest exalted on their throne,
They'll rise and shine, as seraphs never shone;
In long progression rising to behold
Accessive glory, as the heavens unfold.

But wisdom asks a new created earth
The place to try, and prove their real worth
As candidates to an everlasting home
In this abode. Admittance those alone
Shall find who hold their merit. Full of grace
And power sufficient given, to front the face
Of vice against temptation, first to prove
Themselves upright and pure it doth behove,
To grant a fit appointed time of life,
When good and evil war in doubtful strife.
Till suffering virtue's caught from cumbrous clay

Advanced to honor in her bright array
 And daring vice dethroned and put to flight,
 Beneath oblivion's shade and endless night.

And from the long descending trace of time,
 Far as posterity shall stretch her line,
 Infinite hosts of beings yet unborn,
 Shall spread these plains, wherever smiles the morn
 Unclouded, and serene. Nor withering age
 Shall check the youth, nor night shall spread her shade.

In God-like image, and majestic mien
 To shew such dignity angels deem
 Themselves most worthy, beings of a day
 On earth create, for hours shall mark their stay.
 And they shall pass probation on the earth,
 Only to test their innocence and worth.
 Their perfect form must be like one of ours,
 The breath of heaven infused beget new powers
 To reason, will, and act, and taught to see
 Both good and ill, and unconstrained left free.

Upon the dark abyss, whence worlds have risen,
 O, Son, diffuse the radiant light of heaven.
 Above, abroad, beneath, through endless maze,
 The day shall spread its universal blaze,
 Confounded chaos feel thy spirit breathe,
 Sublime and solemn order go to lead
 The congregating waters to their bound,
 All harmonizing soft their cadent sound,
 Obedient to thy will. To thee the power is given
 O Son, create the earth and heaven.

He spake.—And now where verging heaven holds,
 His strict circuitous bound from other worlds
 Alone and separate, removed afar
 Above the polar region and the polar star;
 The gates of sapphire and of chrystal gold,
 Such as adorn and grace the upper world,
 Now opened wide. And now were seen in open day,
 The sceptres and the banners of his sway,
 All orders, ranks, and all gradations ranged,
 Like ancient Persian vans, for myriads famed,

That stretched abroad and spread o'er all the plain
 That looks toward Thermophyla, in train,
 And perfect order moving. Moved and borne
 On high commission from his natal home
 In regions, realms untouched by foot or wing,
 Sent out from heaven, and sent by heaven's chief King
 Within the expanse, before untouched, untrod,
 With hosts attended, came the son of God.

Ye saints and spirits, now in heaven above,
 Rejoined in harmony and perfect love,
 If then ye lived the live inhabitants
 Of some low earth and pure intelligents,
 And did behold your much revered one :
 Praise and adore him, and sing how he shone
 When sceptred high in glory crowned and clad
 In radiance ; He was greatest heaven had,
 Save Him supreme, who holds the throne,
 Retired in deep obscurity alone.
 The earliest born of all the minstrel choir
 His Father like, to shew abroad His power
 He now appeared to new create a world.
 Long, long conceived the plan, He came to unfold,
 And execute. He came to undertake
 The mighty scheme, eternal councils make.
 He came attended with the God-like train,
 In long procession from the heavenly plain.
 From his high seat the Heavenly Father saw.
 Ah ! could He, from his own commissioned draw
 Aside his looks ? He saw with twinkling eye
 Smiling propitious, and lit up the sky,
 Whose face ever shines through the darkest night,
 And sees us equal in the fairest light,
 Both when we sit upon the downy seat,
 In social converse, or do tread the street ;
 Or when we taste repose, wrapped up in dreams,
 And earth is hushed beneath the moonlight beams.
 Light, light effulgent from His highest seat
 His messenger to serve betimes, complete
 To do his will, through the opening gates of gold
 Where stood myriads eye witness to behold
 The expedition, lent its eheering ray,
 And lit them through the vast etherial way,

Until arrived upon the destined spot,
 Such as the eternal one prepared, marked out,
 They stood assembled from the blissful land,
 Innumerable as the sea-shore sand,
 On high occasion set upon an hour,
 To see displayed the Almighty's power.

He sits on high, presiding o'er all fate,
 Himself alone eternal increate.
 His face is ever hid from mortal view,
 And angel forms, that pay him reverence due.
 He is unchanged in place, and time, and mood,
 And he resides alone, conceiving good,
 Deducing happiness, where all things tend,
 Without beginning, and without an end
 The first, and last, and first grand cause
 Of countless beings, and eternal laws
 Receiving all from Him, as once their birth,
 Mature of strength, and of their present worth.

Meanwhile the spirit on message dove-like dress'd,
 And wing outspreading movest on heaven's behest,
 Upon the abyss forlorn, dark waste profound,
 Whose depths and deepening shades are void of sound.
 And breathing vital warmth. Where secret hidden,
 The infernal regions felt the breath of heaven.
 The day new born, burst out effulgent bright,
 And driven, and struck with awe, quick fled the night,
 Attendant of oblivion. But soon bold
 To form a contract with the day, and hold
 Eternal course with him, she came again ;
 And morn, and eve, attendant on the plan,
 Had now fulfilled one round. Naught could oppose,
 When nature's first and chiefest law arose,
 Order majestic, heaven-born, and bred,
 Fore whom confusion hides its face, as dead.
 The deep awakened groans, nor vigils keep,
 Her fretful surges burst from ancient sleep.
 But soon the Word asserts his perfect claim,
 Disperse, ye waves, asunder part in twain.
 Be this to form a chrystal ocean bright.
 Be that to frame the vast aereal height.

'Twas silent all around, and calm as heaven,
 Confusion frightened, fled to some fair haven.

Amid the vast and shoreless deep obscure,
 Partition made within, ethereal pure,
 A wide expanse. It took its name profound,
 When morn, and eve, fulfilled a second round.

As when on voyage bent across the main,
 The shore has fled unseen, from whence we came.
 Heaven's concave meets the wave, and bending rounds,
 No voice is heard, but surge with surge resounds.
 A dreary waste is all the eye can find,
 Around, from side to side, before, behind.
 So now it was, when destined was the course,
 The deluge took, to gain again its force.
 Her vast infernal heaving billows rose
 In long procession. Naked beds disclose
 Where slept the infant world. Now murmuring heard,
 They started forth obedient to the Word
 Who new creates all things. The incessant roar
 Of mighty waters wake to sleep no more.
 From realm to realm, are heard their plaintive sighs,
 And blackening horror clothes them as they rise;
 Empyreal riding to their destined home,
 To rest their wavering heads, no more to roam.

Pre-eminent 'mid portals of the sky,
 In fairest prospect, had a mortal eye
 Been there, to hear the mighty waters' sound,
 And view the shoreless watery world around.
 To angels bent on errands through the skies,
 Or those who ever stay in shrouded guise,
 And not to men, who inhabit this low ground
 Beneath the starry world, such sights are found.

To stem the torrent high, to try their skill,
 Or sporting on the pond, at pleasure's will,
 Of youthful ardor bright, and spirit brave,
 Alas! how many have sunk beneath the wave!
 Amiss to feel the suffocating draught,
 They've sunk beneath, unheard, unknown, unsought;
 And where the mighty depths, a near apace
 Awakening horror, wear a deeper face;

And closing closer shuts the play of breath,
 And struggling nature yields to watery death.
 Why should they fall so soon ? to us how strange.
 And thus the great unchanging will ordains.

Meanwhile the new-born heaven re-echoed clear.
 Material forms of one unbounded sphere,
 A centre took, as yet upheld supine,
 Upon the secret working hand Divine.
 His finger turned, complete circumference gained,
 For his right hand select, himself ordained,
 To wheel the earth, a universal whole,
 In full exact rotation round each pole.
 The remnant mass unformed, and increate
 Their wild outrageous, mystic flight betake,
 To dungeons lone and drear, where darkness deep,
 And silent awe, their consultation keep.

The earth 'mong spheres commenced her annual
 way,
 Where suns unceasing, lend their genial ray.

PART SECOND.

THE SUBJECT.

The angels are witnesses.—After having viewed the works of God thus far in the creation, astonished and amazed, at once they return back again to heaven.—Their strict obedience and allegiance to heaven.—Hymn.

Far from high heaven's everlasting bound,
Marked out as with a line, or circuit round ;
And from its utmost gate, and farthest verge,
Through which vast multitudes passing, emerged
Into the vast illimitable expanse
Of an immensity, beyond immense !
Far off, removed away from all the sight
Of heaven, and from its everlasting light,
Was the great spectacle, and mighty scene
Of the Creation. Yet 'twas all well seen
To the Eternal and Omnipotent,
Although removed, in infinite extent,
His eye looked down to measure out, and mete
The world, and its circumference complete.
His mind conceived the project of the work
Which He was competent to undertake
And to complete. His all-surpassing might
Accompanied the angels on their flight.
He led their way, and was their only guide
Through all immensity, both deep and wide.
They were a vast innumerable company
Of witnesses, sent from the Deity.
They were upon the great occasion sent
Away beyond their usual resident
And fixed habitation, and abode.
They on the wings of seraphim had rode
From world to world, throughout the skies,
Where systems end, and systems rise,
Until they stay'd their course, no more to rove,
And found a resting place, no more to move.

And as they stood high stationed in the skies,
 Their open, naked, and discerning eyes,
 And aspect of their countenance,
 Were fixed on works, such as Omnipotence
 Had wrought in full, and made soon as he bade
 The light to spring from darkness, and from shade,
 Confusion and disorder disappear,
 Matter unformed, formed to a globous sphere ;
 Till in their new formation, and their birth,
 Appeared the landscape, and the hills of earth.
 The earth they saw, a habitable world,
 Upon its centre poised, upheld, and hurled
 Ever to wheel its everlasting car,
 Its northern pole toward the northern star,
 Without a mark behind, or single trace,
 Through all immensity of boundless space.

These scenes they saw, and spectacles unsought,
 By angel minds, before unknown, unthought ;
 Their penetrating eyes were fixed intent,
 They were amazed, full of astonishment.
 And soon they were no more, were out of sight,
 As quick, and sudden as a wink of light.
 They changed the air, and the ethereal space,
 For high exalted heaven, their native place.
 There they enjoyed the pure celestial light
 That shines eternally upon the sight ;
 That grows not dim, nor ever yet withdraws
 At once, a moment, or a single pause.
 They saw how time moved on, and served to bring
 About obedience to the Heavenly King,
 'Mong multitudes of all the coming race,
 About to fill the earth, and spread its face,
 Innumerable as the stars that shine,
 Descending in succession in a line.
 And they looked down from heaven, and soon to see
 mankind
 Upright and true, in worth, not far behind
 The angels pure, who dwell in heavenly light,
 As suns that shine, and dazzle by their sight.

Nor is it dark beyond all shade of light,
 Or quite a mystery to human sight,

That they themselves were sent far off, away
 From all the rest, anticipating to survey
 What lay beneath all heaven, lit up by light,
 Long absent on their distant vent'rous flight,
 And whose astonished gaze did then behold
 The world, an infant form, and in its mould,
 About to be created by the Word
 Which spake, when all the infernal region heard.

Their open eyes, and fixed countenance,
 Admire the works made by Omnipotence.
 They are the honored instruments at hand,
 To do his will, and bear his high command,
 As officers of government maintained,
 Of order, honor, and of worth sustained ;
 They are the votaries and devotees
 Of all that He commands, and agents of decrees.
 They bear his greatness, honor, and his name,
 From world to world, and age to age, the same.
 Their image, manner, and their form doth bear,
 And prominent projecting foreheads wear,
 A godlike semblance. Their heart is wrought
 With Deity in every secret thought.
 And on their deep revolving burning breast,
 He lives imprinted, graven and impressed.
 Their every clear articulating word,
 Is understood, if scarcely spoke, or heard.
 Their bright and living countenances shine,
 And represent, though faint, the Great Divine :
 And He their interest, and earnest care,
 Is ever with them, wheresoe'er they are.

Now each betook his former destined seat
 In heaven, and full of joy, to sing, repeat,
 And to enchant a silent listening throng,
 With matter, and variety of song,
 Accustomed to revolve, and to rehearse,
 Exalted themes, clothed in exalted verse.

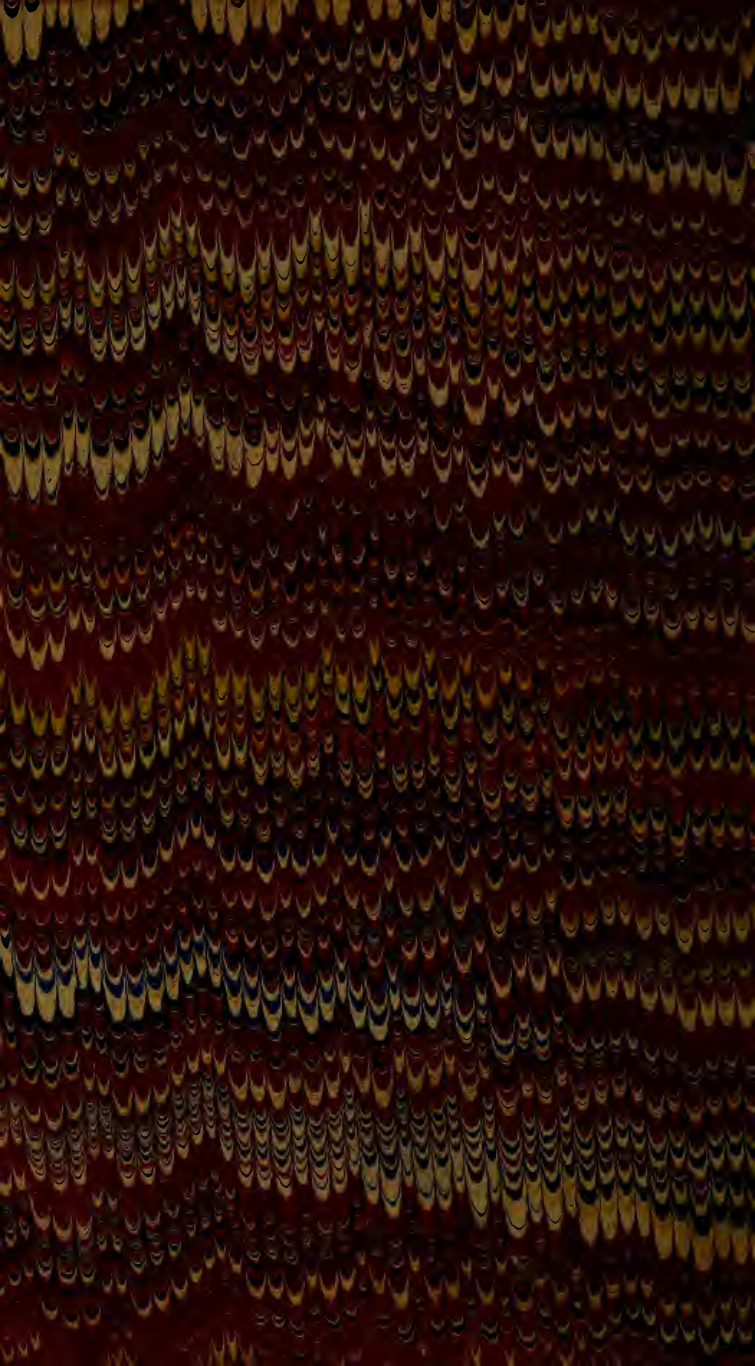
Now thus they sung the Great Omnipotence,
 When there was peaceful calm around, and silence.

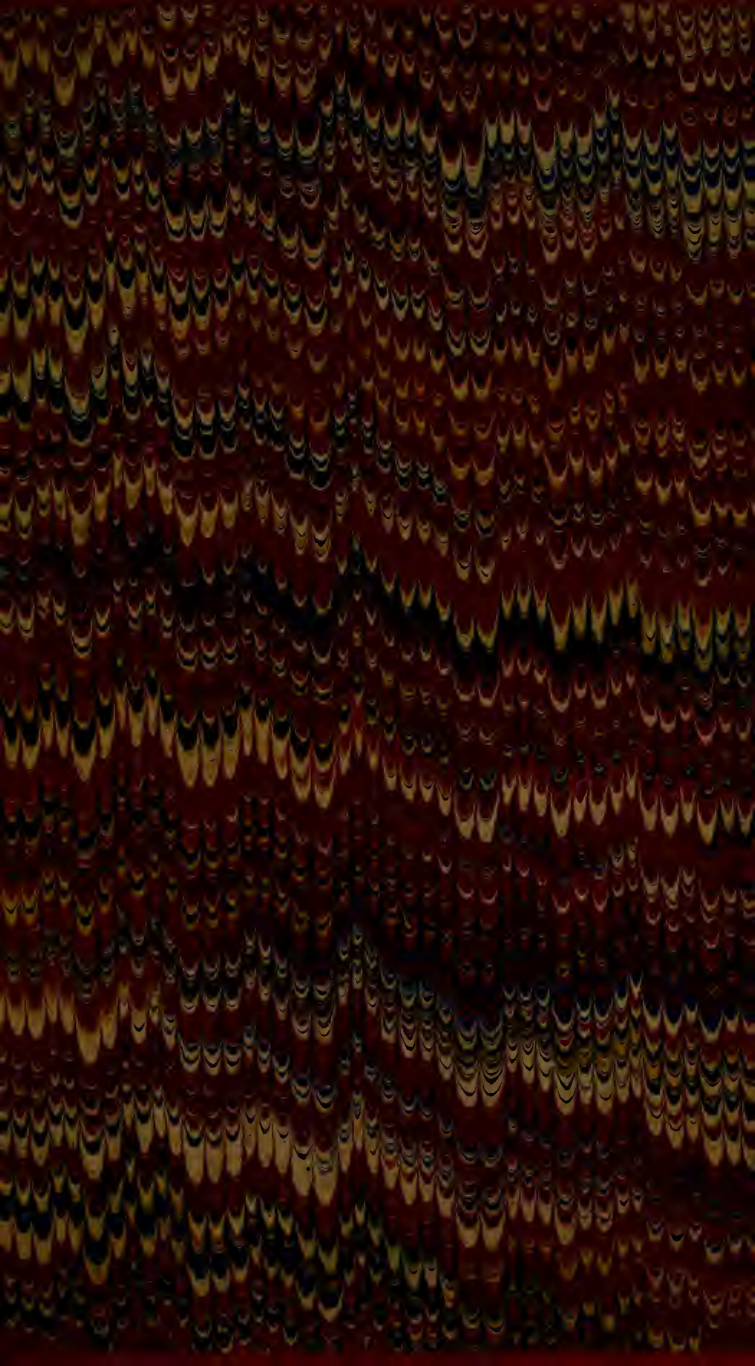
O, Blest of Heaven, who art thyself all bless'd
 With happiness, and infinite possess'd

Of glory, power, and might; dominions vast,
 Of worlds on worlds, without an end at last,
 Extending far, through all immensity,
 Itself of worlds, lost in infinity!
 Worlds are at thy disposal, and control,
 Each rolling on its axis, and its pole,
 Are at thy word, and bidding to create.
 As yet to move, whole rolling systems wait,
 And order to begin where chaos reigns.
 As yet to be, a universe remains.
 Thy throne is spotless pure, thy kingdom sure
 To stand eternally, and to endure
 In spite of wilful disobedience,
 And open acts against Omnipotence,
 Upon the part of angels, should they aim
 To be omnipotent, and hold thy claim.
 Were naught in heaven, except the vacant seat,
 No foot to walk, or tread the golden street,
 Were heaven itself of occupants bereft,
 And not a solitary spirit left,
 And no angelic, or seraphic lays,
 To bear thy name, and celebrate thy praise;
 Thou in all things would'st yet exist the same,
 Would'st have immortal praise, and endless fame.

To every globe that wheels ethereal space,
 Inhabited by mortal, human race;
 To each and every carth, and every sphere,
 Might be a resurrection, then appear
 Upon an instant, as a twinkling eye,
 The souls as numberless as stars in sky,
 And fill all heaven with new accessive praise,
 As pure, and sweet, as all angelic lays.







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